

START

("Litter Box" transition music in. BETTY and PICKLES throw on silky robes. Scene shifts to the strippers' dressing room. BETTY counts cash.)

BETTY/STRIPPER #1

Well shoot, I am havin' a good week, Amber.

PICKLES/STRIPPER #2

Me too, Amber.

(LIN enters as Stripper #3.)

LIN/STRIPPER #3

Hi, Amber. Hi, Amber.

PICKLES/AMBER & BETTY/AMBER

Hi, Amber.

(There is a knock on the dressing room door. LIN/AMBER opens it and DUKE bursts in.)

DUKE

Pardon the introduction, but I'm lookin' for somebody and it's real important that I find her.

BETTY/AMBER

Whoa, whoa, whoa, Sugarlump. You're not supposed to be back here. You need to turn yourself around and enter the club from the other side of the building.

PICKLES/AMBER

Yeah, this here dressing room is for kitty-kats only. Not for dirty dogs.

(PICKLES makes cat-like gestures.)

DUKE

Look now, I'm just tryin' to find this dancer, see —

BETTY/AMBER

I'll just bet you are.

(The "AMBERS" gang up on DUKE.)

PICKLES/AMBER

You reek of permanent marker.

LIN/AMBER

And you're invadin' on my personal space.

BETTY/AMBER

Now don't you make me call the club manager out of the front office.

PICKLES/AMBER

His name is Leo and he's got a real bad temper.

DUKE

("Lightbulb.")

Front office, huh? As in personnel files on all the dancers? As in ... local address and phone number?

LIN/AMBER

A-duh.

(Opens the door for him.)

Beat it, ass jacket.

DUKE

What's an ass –

(LIN/AMBER slams the door on him. NORBERT and PIPPI enter the dressing room from the club side, mid-argument.)

END